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A
LETTER
FROM A RIGHT HONOURABLE
ARISTOCRAT,
TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM PITT.
&c. &c.

LETTER

TO THE

MEMBERS

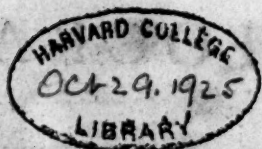
A
LETTER
FROM A RIGHT HONOURABLE
ARISTOCRAT,
TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM PITT,
ON THE
ANTI-ARISTOCRATICAL TENDENCY
OF
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
EDMUND BURKE'S
LETTER TO A NOBLE LORD ;
WITH
HINTS FOR AMENDING LORD GRENVILLE'S,
AND
MR. PITT'S PATRIOTIC BILLS.
ALSO,
A RECOMMENDATION OF A TAX, FOR RAISING
THE SPLENDID SUM OF FOUR MILLIONS
ANNUALLY, BY A MODE PERFECTLY COM-
FORTABLE, AND NEVER YET ADOPTED.

PRO PRATIA!

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Stedman B. Hoar

LETTER, &c.

SIR,

I HAVE, for the last fortnight, been like the long-ear'd gentleman between his two bundles, hum-ing and hah-ing, whether to abuse the *Right Honourable* author of the letter to a noble Lord, for the insults he so repeatedly casts upon our whole class, in hopes of making him retract his horrible aspersions, or at least, fritter them away in another letter; or make a full confession to you of my terrible apprehensions on the untowardness of his conduct. He, alas! is too far gone, I fear, to pay a proper attention to the advice of any one, unattended with a requisite portion of the *per cents*; and as I do not know any person who can attack him in that way so forcibly as you, Sir, why I'll even consign him to your discipline. And that you may not longer remain ignorant of the objectionable passages in his publications, I will point them out to you, and expatiate on the heinousness of them; that you may in future be on your guard, and prepared to pinch his finger most confoundedly, should he a fourth time attempt to

B

poke

poke them into your all-attracting chest,—that chest which fingers right noble, as well as right honourable, are incessantly itching to pick the lock of.

The idea, Sir, of your still remaining ignorant of the dangerous passages in the *Right Honourable Gentleman's* letter, as well as in his reflections on the French Revolution, arose from recollecting the mode in which we have heard certain papers mumbled over, in certain places, so as to be intelligible to those only who were in the secret; and probably the *Right Honourable Gentleman* might have mumbled over his manuscripts to you in the same incomprehensible manner, when they received the honour of your fiat for the press. In such a case, I know the *Right Honourable Gentleman* is casuist enough to earn the promise of a pension, while the choicest of his pearls are intended for another market.

And this, Sir, must have been the case in both the above instances; for you surely never would have suffered the people to have been set madding after political information by that gad-fly expression—"His Majesty's heirs and successors, each in his time and order will come to the crown, with the same contempt of their choice with which his majesty has succeeded to that which he wears." In the name of politics! what necessity was there to tell the people that they were governed in their own despite? that they had nothing to do with their king but to obey him? The people of Great Britain had been taught to flatter themselves

themselves that their present most gracious sovereign was the monarch of their choice; the darling king of their own election, tacitly made and engraven on their hearts. Was it necessary to awaken them out of that pleasing dream—to rouse them from that soothing slumber, and yell in their ears, the king whom you so love—whom you so idolize, is not the sovereign of your choice, but your monarch by necessity; and so shall all your future sovereigns be? Rash and unguarded! This was not leading their imaginations from speculating on advantages to be obtained by revolutions; but placing a deformity before them, the hideous appearance of which would compel them to turn their eyes to any other object for relief.

After a few gloriously confusive rhetorical flourishes at that *arch enemy* of our church and state, the late Dr. Price, he tells the multitude that,—“ The superlative of demar-
 “ cation, where obedience ought to end, and resistance
 “ must begin, is faint, obscure, and not easily definable.
 “ It is not a single act, or a single event, which deter-
 “ mines it. Governments must be abused and deranged
 “ indeed, before it can be thought of; and the prospect of
 “ the future must be as bad as the experience of the past.
 “ When things are in that lamentable condition, the na-
 “ ture of the disease is to indicate the remedy to those
 “ whom nature has qualified to administer in extremities,
 “ this critical, ambiguous, bitter portion, to a disordered
 “ state. Times and occasions, and provocations, will

“ teach their own lessons.” What is this, Sir, but telling the giddy multitude—the unprincipled rabble, that a government may go so far on the road to ruin their country, that resistance may not only be justifiably necessary, but a positively incumbent duty? And, after avowing this to a set of beings, stupid and stubborn, by his own account, as an herd of swine; he leaves them to root amidst the muck and mire of filthy and abominable pamphlets, in order to grope out instructions, how much they are to bear, how much they are to suffer, and how long to endure before they may burst the gates of their iron-bound *styes*; and scratch the *yokes* of oppression from their necks.

Again,—but why, Sir, should I trouble you with more remarks from his “ Reflections,” equally horrible as impolitic, when they are *reflected* from almost every page? In some they are so incomprehensibly alarming, that I myself have frequently been necessitated to explore that infamous pamphlet, the “ *Rights of Man*,” for proper explanations of them; and in others they are so inimical to our glorious cause, that the very members of the most abominable opposition that ever yet attempted to embarrass an already too much embarrassed administration;—I say those very—*whigs*, shall I call them? even chuckle and exclaim in raptures, “ aye! now our *Right Honourable Friend* does indeed write for us!”

I now come to remark on the *Right Honourable Gentleman's* letter to a noble Lord.

Almost

Almost in his very out-set, in his seventh page only, the *Right Honourable Gentleman* libels our most gracious sovereign—the house of peers—the house of commons—the most reverend fathers, the bishops—the most venerable, virtuous, and constitutional, the clergy of the established church—and a great many equally wise, venerable, and virtuous corporate societies, and subjects of this realm.—The *Right Honourable Gentleman* tells the noble Lord that, “ the libels of the present day, are just of the same “ stuff as the libels of the past.” Good God, Sir! have the *Right Honourable Gentleman's* misfortunes run away with his wits? or were his ideas so abundantly engaged in contemplating the emoluments of his various pensions, that the expression, like many more of the old leaven, stole in unheeded? Have not the royal proclamations—have not both houses of parliament—have not you, Sir, repeatedly declared to the contrary? and do not our reverend and virtuous clergy still thump the contrary on their pulpit cushions every Sabbath day at least?

What were the libels of former times, to those of the present day? Look at all the libels which have been published, from the commencement of the reign of our most gracious sovereign, to the unhappy day when the Bastile was destroyed—the *Right Honourable gentleman's* and all; and he certainly *hurled* the thunders of faction as far as most. Look at them all, Sir, and you will find them,—even if you should suffer authorial prejudice to bias you a little;—you will

will find them mere peccadilloes to the present day. Those only libelled infamous peculators, and a plundered people; but these, horrid to relate, libel princes, potentates, emperors, popes, and even established churches!!

Did not the libels of the national assembly arrest the tender anxiety of the Prussian monarch, for his predestined Polish children, and divert it for a time to the poor and distressed people of France; to whom his most renowned and magnanimous general, the Prince of Brunswick, generously promised blood-puddings and bon fires, the moment he entered Paris; which humane and most christian-like promise he would no doubt most generously have performed, had not that worse than traitor, Dumourier, and his ragged troops, libelled him away?

Did not the libels of the ministers of France, rouse the paternal feelings of the Emperor, and make him most graciously resolve to attempt to rescue a part of that enslaved country at least, from the insufferable yoke of anarchy, by taking the people under his imperial care and protection?

Did not the intolerable libels of the national convention wind up our nobly spirited and national feelings to so high a tension, that nothing but a seven years just and necessary war can possibly restore them to their proper tone again? and yet the *Right Honourable Gentleman* has the modesty to tell us, that "the libels of the present day are just of the same stuff as the libels of the past."

In

In page 10. of the *Right Honourable Gentleman's* letter, are a few lines so excessively beautiful, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure, Sir, of presenting them to you.

“ When I say I have not received more than I deserve,
 “ is this the language I hold to majesty? no! far, very far
 “ from it! Before that presence, I claim no merit at all,—
 “ every thing towards me is favour and bounty. One
 “ style to a generous benefactor, another to a proud and
 “ insulting foe.” What a sublimely grand, yet concilia-
 tory style! How beautifully are do, and do not, rendered
 synonymous! I must have a pension.—I must not have a
 pension. I do deserve a pension.—I do not deserve a
 pension. What a wonderful figure in rhetoric to recon-
 cile such contradictions; and what a pity it is they are
 not equally true!

In page 12, after telling us of the narrow escape which the treasury chests of all the sovereigns on earth had from the multitudinous attendants of some Jacobin comet, that came prying into the neighbourhood of our royal sphere; he says, “ Had the portentous comet of the Rights of
 “ Man, (which from its horrid hair shakes pestilence and
 “ war, and with fear of change perplexes monarchs!)—
 “ had that comet crossed upon us, in that internal state of
 “ England, nothing human could have prevented our be-
 “ ing irresistibly hurried out of the highway of heaven
 “ into all the vices, crimes, horrors, and miseries of the
 “ French revolution.”

“ Happily

“ Happily France was not then Jacobinised; her
 “ hostility was at a good distance. We had a limb cut off,
 “ but we preserved the body; we lost our colonies, but
 “ we kept our constitution. There was indeed much in-
 “ testine heat; there was a dreadful fermentation: wild
 “ and savage insurrection quitted the woods, and prowled
 “ about our streets in the name of reform. Such was
 “ the distemper of the public mind, that there was no
 “ madman, in the maddest ideas, and maddest projects,
 “ who might not count upon numbers, to support his prin-
 “ ciples, and execute his designs.”

Happily indeed! and yet it was for want of repeated
 advice, and ample directions: for the visionary essays,
 and eccentric pamphlets of the *Right Honourable Gen-
 tleman's* quondam friend and correspondent, Mr. Thomas
 Paine, backed by anti-ministerial and inflammatory ora-
 tions of a certain person, had paved a fair and open road,
 (in the opinion of many) broad and well-founded as a
 Roman causeway. Among the multitude of pamphlets
 I will only mention “ *Common Sense*.” And among the
 orations of a certain person, the most florid of those or any
 other periods, I will only extract the following passages:

“ *I never knew a writer on the theory of government,*
 “ *so partial to authority, as not to allow that the hostile*
 “ *mind of the rulers to their people did fully justify a*
 “ *change of government.*

“ *If any ask me what a free government is, I answer,*
 that

" that for any practical purpose, it is what the people
 " think so; and that they, and not I, are the natural,
 " lawful, and competent judges of this matter. If they
 " practically allow me a greater degree of authority over
 " them, than is consistent with their correct ideas of per-
 " fect freedom, I ought to thank them for so great a trust;
 " and not to endeavour to prove from thence, that they
 " have reasoned amiss; and that having gone so far by
 " analogy, they must hereafter have no enjoyment but my
 " pleasure.

" When popular discontents have been very prevalent,
 " it may well be affirmed, and supported, that there has
 " been generally something found amiss in the constitution,
 " or in the conduct of the government. The people have
 " no interest in disorder; when they do wrong, it is their
 " error, not their crime. But with the governing part, it
 " is far otherwise; they certainly may act ill by design,
 " as well as by mistake.

" Kings are naturally lovers of low company; they are
 " so elevated above all the rest of mankind, that they must
 " look upon all their subjects as on a level: they are ra-
 " ther apt to hate, than love their nobility, on account of
 " the occasional resistance to their will, which will be
 " made by their virtue, their petulance, or their pride.
 " It must indeed be admitted, that many of the nobility
 " are as perfectly willing to act the part of flatterers,
 " tale-bearers, parasites, pimps, and buffoons, as any of

“ the lowest and vilest of mankind can possibly be. But they
 “ are not properly qualified for this object of their ambi-
 “ tion; the want of a regular education, and early
 “ habits, and some lurking remains of their dignity, will
 “ never permit them to become a match for an Italian
 “ eunuch, a mountebank, or fidler, a player, or any re-
 “ gular practitioner of that tribe The Roman emperors,
 “ almost from the beginning, threw themselves into such
 “ hands; and the mischief increased every day till its
 “ decline, and its final ruin.”

After such pamphlets, and such passages, and a thou-
 sand more, which I could readily quote, and which the
Right Honourable Gentleman might as readily turn to, it
 was happy indeed that France was not then Jacobinized.
 But the reason of it did not rest with those gentlemen,—no,
 no: the reason was, it took a long time for those pam-
 phlets and orations to be translated into French, and dis-
 tributed through that country, to feast the eyes, and gra-
 tify the malevolent curiosity of a degenerate people; that
 once effected, the unhappy malady of hydra-despotism
 seized the very vitals of the inhabitants, and Jacobinism
 followed of course. And Jacobinism also, would have
 triumphed here, Sir, notwithstanding the number of *tunes*
 which were so suddenly *changed*, had not Providence
 kindly placed you at the helm of affairs, to teach the
 giddy and licentious multitude to mind their own business,
 and

and be happy, amidst dearth and desolation, in spite of themselves.

In page 14, speaking of Lord North, the *Right Honourable Gentleman* says, " He was a man of admirable parts, of general knowledge, of a versatile understanding fitted for every sort of business, of infinite wit and pleasantry, of a delightful temper, and with a mind most perfectly disinterested. But it would be only to degrade myself by a weak adulation, and not to honour the memory of a great man, to deny that he wanted something of the vigilance and spirit of command that the time required." For a modest man, and such I presume the *Right Honourable Gentleman* wishes to be esteemed, he must certainly have felt extremely awkward whilst penning this panegyric, after having incessantly abused, insulted, and molested that Nobleman for ten long years, until he found it convenient to coalesce with him. Had I been the *Right Honourable Gentleman*, I declare to you, Sir, I would not have had a reflector in my room whilst writing it, lest I had seen an odious character depicted on my forehead, that my soul might have shuddered at. But why this panegyric now? Does he speak so well of the dead, to flatter the living? Does he imagine the Earl of Guildford may be prime minister, while he yet exists?—and has he an eye to another pension there? But let me tell the *Right Honourable Gentleman*, that the " admirable parts," the " general

“ knowledge,” the “ versatile understanding,” the “ infinite wit and pleasantry,” the “ delightful temper,” and the “ mind most perfectly disinterested,” of the late noble Lord, when compared with those qualities in a certain great and heaven-born Gentleman, whom I will not now name, were mere *warts to offus*.

I am ready to admit, that the noble Lord came to the helm in very troublesome times ; and that they continued turbulent all the time he remained there : but whose fault was that ? Had he had the consummate policy of a certain heaven-born phenomenon, to convert the caballing cavaliers into colonels of new-raised regiments ; the proud, patriotic heroes into admirals and commodores ; the blustering divines into bishops and deans ; and the saucy, snarling husbandmen and mechanics into soldiers and sailors ; his times would have been quiet and happy as ours are now. But he, silly Peer ! would still jog on in the old John-Trot way, raising no more money or men, than he thought absolutely necessary to the end publicly in view. He never dreamt of “ existing circumstances ;” and as we never dreamt of parsimony, but always had an eye to what the *Right Honourable Gentleman* calls “ royal economy,” it might naturally be supposed the times would not be very quiet with him. Some simple slices of the state plum-cake, to be sure, his lordship would now and then distribute among those who were the most vociferously hungry, and sufficiently prepared to digest it ;

but

but his hand always trembled so confoundedly when he was dispensing it, that the plums generally dropt out, and the sugar slipt off.—It was not like the luscious cake of present days.

I am also ready to acknowledge, that the noble Lord was a tolerable financier; but then he lost so much time in picking and culling such taxes as might bear the lightest on the shoulders of the poor, that their produce was exhausted as soon as received; while you, Sir, more bold, because more wise, knowing that the backs of the poor and industrious must bear the burdens at last, by a mode grand, and peculiar to yourself, strike out taxes for millions in the twinkling of an eye; and as they generally affect the poor immediately, they humanely obviate that anxiety which constantly precedes heavy expences by a circuitous route.

In page 17, is the following passage:—" I do not say
 " I saved my country; I am sure I did my country im-
 " portant service; there were few indeed that did not at
 " that time acknowledge it—and that time was thirteen
 " years ago. It was but one voice, that no man in the
 " kingdom better deserved an honourable provision should
 " be made for him." Permit me here, Sir, to accuse you
 of the extremest cruelty, in suffering a *Right Honourable*
Gentleman, acknowledged, as he says, by all the world to
 be " no man more" deserving of a pension, to languish a
 period fully equal to the value of his life without one;—
 you

you surely could not wantonly err so exceedingly ;—you probably mistook the matter, and understood the world to mean, that no *Right Honourable Gentleman* could render himself more deserving if he pleased ; if so, you acted justly—you took the world at its word ; demanded a specimen of his abilities, and granted pensions accordingly.

I do not wish to wound the fine feelings of the *Right Honourable Gentleman*, because I know him to be so exquisitely tender in probing the feelings of others ; but I cannot help thinking he sports the egotist a little too far. Were the tragedy-ranter of a theatre to assume to himself so much consequence, as to say to the town, “ ’Twas I that entertained you—’twas I that served you with so much fervency—it is to me you are obliged ! the managers would deem themselves very little beholden to him.

Let us now, Sir, gaze on page 21. There the *Right Honourable Gentleman* informs us, that “ the revolution
 “ harpies of France sprung from night and hell, or from
 “ chaotic anarchy, which generates equivocally all mon-
 “ strous, all prodigious things !—cuckoo-like, adulterously
 “ lay their eggs, and brood over, and hatch them in the
 “ nest of every neighbouring state :—those obscene harpies,
 “ who deck themselves in I know not what divine attri-
 “ butes, but who, in reality, are foul and ravenous birds,
 “ (both mothers and daughters), flutter over our heads,
 “ and fouse down upon our tables, leaving nothing
 “ unrent,

“ unrent, unravaged, or unpolluted with the slime of
 “ their filthy offal !” Ever ready to admire the *Right
 Honourable Gentleman*, and never so well warranted as
 when he soars on the wings of sublimity, here let me pay
 the willing tribute of a fancy pleased ; and as the wily
 pilferer of new-fown pulse, that having slept away the
 winter’s frosts, undozed by sol’s vivific ray, resumes new
 life, and winks and blinks upon the beam that cheers it ;
 so, with reverential awe let me look up to the transcend-
 ant—but as the light is rather too strong for me, do you,
 Sir, be so bold to take a look, and inform me what kind
 of beings these harpies are. Are they to be emigrants, or
 Jacobins ? By their fluttering over our heads, and sou-
 fing down upon our tables, I am inclined to think he
 means emigrants ; if so, I shall recal my homage ; for it
 would be inhospitable to call those harpies, who, beguiled
 by us, from home and affluence, now eat our mutton by
 our own invitation ; unless he deems them so from already
 cutting so alarming a figure in the circles of connubial pol-
 lution, and on the slimy scrolls of *crim con*. But if he
 means the Jacobins, then, loud as the trumpets of the
 embattled hosts on Famar’s bloody field, where Frenchmen
 fattened the almost sterile glebe, never tilled so plente-
 ously with blood before ;—or on the plains near Dunkirk,
 smuggling town, where Frenchmen ran, as they never ran
 before ;—or on the heights above the blazing town of sad
 Toulon, where Frenchmen, roasting, squeaked like roasting
 pigs ;

pigs;—or on that black-fringed day at Quiberoon;—or on a better day, the glorious first of June;—or loud as the earth-affrightening din of the grand aggregate and egregious total; even so loud, had I but lungs, would I praise him: for while he roars in so sublime a strain, the Jacobins must tremble, if they understand him. And believe me, Sir, the more they seem appalled, the more my cares are soothed—my fears allayed.

In page 25, the *Right Honourable Gentleman* tells us, that “the pension list was to be kept as a sacred fund.” True; but does he arrogate merit to himself in its having been kept sacred? no: surely he does not; for full well he ought to know, and full well all the world knows, that we have taken no small degree of pains to keep that sacred fund secure; and I trust that neither we, or any of our friends, shall ever become indifferent to the existence and firm support of that fund: on the contrary (for divers weighty and political reasons), I have great cause to believe there is not a single individual among us, but most fervently wishes that it was increased an hundred fold. The *Right Honourable Gentleman* may therefore, in future, *let this fund alone*; and rest assured that we will ever keep an attentive eye upon it.

On the article economy, page 28, the *Right Honourable Gentleman* says, “if I had not deemed it of some value, I should not have made political economy an object of my humble studies, from my very early youth,
“ to

“ to near the end of my service in parliament, even before (at least to any knowledge of mine) it had employed the thoughts of speculative men in other parts of Europe.” For this branch of speculative study, the *Right Honourable Gentleman* certainly deserves the thanks of every Briton; as from his invaluable lectures, I presume, Sir, you acquired your superlative skill in that most essential branch of polity. What a pity it is that he should have relinquished the study of so inestimable a science at so critical a juncture! But as you seem in that respect to be fully equal to your excellent instructor; and his faculties being a little on the wane, whilst your’s are in their utmost vigour and activity, we may not, upon the whole, experience any very material loss by his abandonment.

The *Right Honourable Gentleman*, in page 31, asks a very serious question, to which he immediately gives a very serious answer; and a very sufficient reason for that answer.—He says, “ Did I blame the pensions given to Mr. Barrè, and Mr. Dunning, between the proposition and execution of my plan? No: surely no! those pensions were within my principles.” Is it possible that any one could suspect the *Right Honourable Gentleman* of censuring the grant of pensions within his own principles? Did either of those pensions exceed £. 4500 per annum? if not, was it probable that he should object to their trifling pensions, when he had one to that amount

in his eye?—that would have been parsimony indeed, and not economy. To speak nearly in his own words, *his economy had larger views*: and “no state, since the foundation of society, has ever been impoverished by that species of profusion.”—Should the word *profusion* read rather aukward in such a situation, it may not be improper to lay blame on the editors of our dictionaries, for having so long neglected to render *profusion* and *economy*, synonymous terms. I therefore perfectly agree with the *Right Honourable Gentleman*, that it would be highly improper, if not dangerous, for “grown gentlemen, or noblemen of our time, to think of finishing at Mr. Thelwal’s lectures, whatever may have been left incomplete at the old universities of his country.” For as this Thelwal is but an odd kind of an ignorant sort of a fellow, and like the rest of the *acquitted felons*, never so happy as when foaming on the title page of the grand folio edition of *Treason*; he also, from want of better information, may make a merit of his ignorance; and instead of lecturing on *economical profusion*, may derange the ideas of his auditors, by preaching them lectures on *parsimonious economy*.

If we turn to page 36, we shall find the following superb passage: “It little signifies to the world what becomes of such things as me, or even as the Duke of Bedford. What I say about either of us is nothing more than a vehicle, as you, my Lord, will easily perceive,

“ ceive, to convey my sentiments on matters far more
 “ worthy of your attention. It is when I stick to my
 “ apparent first subject, that I ought to apologize, not
 “ when I depart from it. I therefore must beg your
 “ Lordship’s pardon, for again resuming it after this very
 “ short digression ; assuring you, that I shall never altoge-
 “ ther lose sight of such matter as persons abler than I am
 “ may turn to some profit.” This is language much
 too elegant, much too scientifically sublime, for the old
 universities of this country. The *Right Honourable*
Gentleman certainly acquired it among his old French
 friends at the seminaries in St. Omer’s; or, at all events,
 he must have picked it up before the late Marquis of
 Rockingham took him by the hand ; for I am sure he ne-
 ver would have been fortunate enough to have heard lan-
 guage so truly *Right-Honourable-Gentleman-like* at the
 tables of the Marquis, his butler, or his porter. But
 the *Right Honourable Gentleman* says, “ Homer nods ;
 “ and the Duke of Bedford may dream.” So possibly
 this refined language—these genuine principles of polite-
 ness, might have crept into a corner of this sensorium
 while he was asleep.

The *Right Honourable Gentleman*, still harping upon
 his pension, says, page 42, “ Mine had not its fund in the
 “ murder of any innocent person of illustrious rank ; or
 “ in the pillage of any body of unoffending men. His
 “ grants were from the aggregate and consolidated funds

“ of judgments iniquitously legal ; and from possessions
 “ voluntarily surrendered by the lawful proprietors, with
 “ the gibbet at their door.

“ The merit of the grantee whom he derives from, was
 “ that of being a prompt and greedy instrument of a le-
 “ velling tyrant, who oppressed all descriptions of his
 “ people ; but who fell with particular fury on every
 “ thing that was great and noble.” This is sentiment
 enthusiastically great, seriously sublime, and pompously
 pathetic!—rather too much so ;—his holiness the Pope,
 with all his infallibility, could not have exceeded it. But
 are these the times—is this a proper period to awaken the
 irritability—to rouse the indignation of the bigotted de-
 scendants of those injured people against the memory of the
 Lord’s anointed ? What though thousands of unoffending
 men were driven by the iron hand of savage zeal from
 peaceful solitude, and blest sufficiency, to all the pangs of
 griping penury and poignant woe ; was it not necessary to
 refill the coffers of the defender of the faith, that all the
 world again might witness his royal economy ?—What
 though hundreds were butchered, burnt, or strangled,
 by the pious monarch, for not knowing what religion he
 professed at the moment of their offending ; were they not
 so many proofs of his sovereign christianity ? Let not our
 murmurs then disturb his ashes. But let us suffer his roy-
 al body to rest in peace, and devoutly hope his soul is
 happy as it ought to be,—even happier.

And

And here let us pay the tribute of gratitude to kind fortune, who, from such muddy sources, such springs of evil, caused such fountains of good to jet forth upon this happy land! From the Ruin of thousands, what hundreds were made happy! Even at this day, from the mere gleanings of the reformation harvest, how many venerable pastors of our holy catholic church (the only orthodox and desirable clergy), are so abundantly provided for, as to have no other worldly care to occupy their tender consciences, but to guard their flocks from the wolves of sedition; by teaching them to “look with awe to kings—with affection
“to parliaments—with duty to magistrates—with reverence to priests, and with respect to nobility.” Happy flocks! whilst taught so well to live. Happy shepherds! who so well are living.

I will now, Sir, give you a collection of passages, and descant on them in the lump; that we may not longer command the *Right Honourable Gentleman's* attention, but leave him to his studies for his country's good.

Page 41. “The first peer of the name, the first purchaser of the grants, was a Mr. Ruffel, a person of an
“ancient gentleman's family, raised by being a minion of
“Henry the eighth. As there generally is some resemblance of character to create these relations, the favourite was in all likelihood much such another as his
“master.”

Page 42. “The merit of the original grantee of his
“Grace's

“ Grace’s pension, was in giving his hand to the work,
“ and partaking the spoil with a prince, who plundered
“ a part of the national church of his time and country.”

Page 43. “ The merit of the origin of his Grace’s fortune, was in being a favourite, and chief adviser to a
“ prince, who left no liberty to their native country.”

Page 46. “ The labours of his Grace’s founder merited
“ the curses, not loud but deep, of the commons of England, on whom he and his master had affected a complete parliamentary reform, by making them, in their
“ slavery and humiliation, the true and adequate representatives of a debased, degraded, and undone
“ people.”

Page 47. “ Let the Duke of Bedford (I am sure he
“ will) reject with scorn and horror, the counsels of the
“ lecturers—those wicked panders to avarice and ambition,
“ who would prompt him in the troubles of his country,
“ to seek another enormous fortune from the forfeitures
“ of another nobility, and the plunder of another church.
“ Let him (and I trust that yet he will) employ all the
“ energy of his youth, and all the resources of his wealth,
“ to crush rebellious principles, which have no foundation
“ in morals, and rebellious movements, that have no
“ provocation in tyranny.

“ Then will be forgot the rebellions, which, by a
“ doubtful priority in crime, his ancestor had provoked
“ and extinguished. On such a conduct in the noble

“ Duke,

“ Duke, many of his countrymen might, and with some
 “ excuse might, give way to the enthusiasm of their grati-
 “ tude ; and in the dashing style of some of the old de-
 “ claimers, cry out, that if the fates had found out no
 “ other way in which they could give a Duke of Bedford
 “ and his opulence as props to a tottering world, then
 “ the butchery of the Duke of Buckingham might be to-
 “ lerated ; it might be regarded even with complacency,
 “ whilst, in the heir of confiscation, they saw the sympa-
 “ thizing comforter of the martyrs, who suffered the cruel
 “ confiscation of this day ; whilst they beheld with ad-
 “ miration his zealous protection of the virtuous and loy-
 “ al nobility of France, and his manly support of his
 “ brethren, the yet standing nobility and gentry of his
 “ native land.

“ Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of a
 “ succession, I should have been, according to my medi-
 “ ocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of
 “ founder of a family.”

I know not, Sir, what ideas the *Right Honourable*
Gentleman may have been taught to entertain of the Al-
 mighty ; but I have ever conceived that his goodness and
 mercy to his creatures extended too infinitely through the
 whole race of man, to suffer a family to be founded on a
stock which had so repeatedly proved inimical to the con-
 stitution of the poor and needy. Had a *sucker* sprung up
 whose beauty might have bespoken a more favourable *spe-*
cies,

cies, it was natural to suppose that the Creator, in pity of the *scion*, would have severed it from the *stem*, and transplanted it in time, into a more precious *soil*, while untainted by the baneful *shade* of its original.

What! is the *Right Honourable Gentleman* to expose the hereditary rights and virtues of the nobility, and visit the venial frailties of the fathers upon the sons, unto the third and fourth generation, because the pension-list has informed the world that he writes for hire? Can rancour predominate in the soul of man to so execrable a degree, as to make him forget the very source of his political existence? Was he not the creature of nobility, nurtured by their bounty,—dropped at the door of the house of commons from the pocket of a nobleman, and subject to his dictation during the remainder of his life?—Is the *Right Honourable Gentleman* paid four or five thousand pounds per annum to support the cause of royalty and nobility? and does he, ungrateful! turn the tables upon them, and strive to render them, and their divine progenitures, worse than ridiculous in the eyes of a busy, criticizing world?—Does not the *Right Honourable Gentleman's* conduct call up the suffusion of shame, whilst thus daring to prostitute his——? Pardon, pray pardon me, Sir: I will endeavour to resume my wonted coolness.

I confess, Sir, I was a little heated by the acrimony of the *Right Honourable Gentleman*, because, if he be suffered to kick and fling, and bounce about at every Peer who
does

does not pay the tribute of unconditional submission at his political shrine ; it may be my turn next.

Besides, Sir, if suffered to peep and pry into the pedigrees of us nobility, and blurt them out whenever a fit of the spleen seizes him, the Jacobins may be taught to imagine that Oliver Cromwel's house of commons was not so truly impious as we would have them appear to be, when they voted the house of peers useless. And in fact, Sir, when I look at the long list of peers, and contemplate the wonderful virtues of their wonderful ancestors, transmitted down, very little, if at all impaired, to them, I cannot help thinking but they should be shielded from vulgar inspection ; and constantly recal to mind that good old peace-making adage,—“ The least that is said, is the soonest mended.”

Yet do not, Sir, conclude, from what I have said, that I think the *Right Honourable Gentleman* an improper person to labour, *per pension*, in our cause. On the contrary, I know no *Right Honourable Gentleman* so capable, while strictly adhering to that soul-enchanting rhapsody, at which he is so peculiarly pre-eminent. But when he descends from his celestial heights, to the plain-plodding paths of political common sense, there is a constitutional perverseness in his ideas, that as naturally tend to obliquy as the spiral course of an ostrich. He cannot proceed in a direct line of beautiful figures, to convince the bettermost sort of folks (the swinish multitude are beneath our at-

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tention)

tention) how happy they are, and how happy they *must* be, blest with patriot kings, whose mild governments not only are, but are insured to be, most firmly and obstinately supported by a wise, vigilant, and virtuous aristocracy; but obliquely, only hints at their superlative happiness, by telling them that—"Kings are naturally lovers of low company;" and that "many of the nobility are as perfectly willing to act the part of flatterers, tale-bearers, parasites, pimps, and buffoons, as any of the lowest and vilest of mankind can possibly be."

From the immense experience which the *Right Honourable Gentleman* has had in the science of declamation; and as he most certainly must now feel himself prodigiously defective in political ratiocination, it is not a little extraordinary that he should so frequently incline to deviate from a road so plain and familiar, in order to dash into one which he has ever found so full of mazes, and so beset with awkward, ignorant truths, that the devil himself, the prince of political bewilders, cannot always jump over them. To me there appears so many obstacles in the narrow windings of political veracity, that I think it would be impossible for the *Right Honourable Gentleman* to take a dozen steps without scratching himself with the brambles of error which so straitly inclose it; or breaking his shins over faggots of facts, which he might never have intended should be deposited there. Believe me, Sir, it requires an astonishing degree of recollection in those who, having
long

long wandered in the regions of fiction, presume to suffer their trammelled imaginations to skip into the tracts of rectitude. And in these deplorable days of pretermision, when the young and healthy forget even themselves, well may the memory of the ancient and infirm be tripping!

The mind is never so tenacious in those waxed in years, as when relating, or ruminating on the pleasing and brilliant occurrences of our vigorous days. Consequently, as the *Right Honourable Gentleman's* modern ideas, wisely modelled by the treasury scale, must be incessantly jostled by those of a score years younger, how impossible would it be for him to prevent his former unprofitable fallies of republican heresy from gliding into his present gainful text of ministerial immaculacy, and royal economical orthodoxy.

Let then, the language of his well-turned periods soar like the towering eagle's height, beyond conception—Let him pronounce damnation to the French in tropes and figures, so divine that they might administer consolation in the dying agonies of any wretch, but such horrid monsters as dare defy the sovereign will of all the kings in Europe, and rule themselves by laws undictated by him—let him bellow, loud as the awful roar of heaven's artillery, how cursed Jacobins, by cursed schemes of marbles, pop-guns, and such direful weapons, wild and visionary as the metaphysic boy, who split the head of his favourite spinning top, to see the busy humming soul within, vow to extir-

pate all the kings on the continent, and raise even beggars (impious thought!) to all the rights and dignities of men—let him, in fictions, bold as the existing circumstances require, felicitate the people of England on possessing so exquisite, so enviable a situation in this “ tottering world:”—a government free, and of their own election:—ministers so devoted to the public welfare as to be even culpably neglectful in providing places and pensions for themselves, and their right honourable and disinterested connections:—manufactures flourishing:—trade increasing:—plenty at their doors, and poverty expelled their country!!—Let the *Right Honourable Gentleman* say all this. But for pity’s sake—for your own sake, Sir—for all our sakes! let him not descend to reason why things are so; or it is ten thousand to one but he will let some distorted sentence out, which may give the people too much cause to suspect him guilty of no small degree of exaggeration.

Thus, having done with the *Right Honourable Gentleman*, suffer me, Sir, to unlade my mind to you, of some few of its apprehensions for our future safety.

Do not think me too intrusive, or accuse me of entertaining womanish fears. No, Sir, few men are so feelingly convinced of the justness of our cause, or have greater confidence in the valour of our troops, or of those of our allies. But when I reflect on the long-winded desperation of the raggamuffins of France, in keeping our
invincible

invincible armies in view, all the way from Tournay to the Wael ;—and of the only *power* that could have *paved* them so direct a road over it ; I cannot, for the soul of me, help fearing that a familiar fit of desperation may again be put in requisition ; and that the same *power* may not yet have forsaken them.

I know that you will say, “ We must, we will be victorious, or spend the last guinea.”—True, we may—I think we must prove conquerors in the long run. But alas! Sir, if you expend the last guinea first, what will become of your parliamentary friends? and if they forsake us, what will become of you? I will answer for myself, I can safely say, that I will stand by you for the cause’s sake : But I would venture to guarantee the gratuitous attachment of but very few of them, I can assure you.

Situated as we are then, Sir, and as no one, not even you, can possibly foresee what circumstances may exist, and from your predictions already committed, we are amply convinced of your military prescience being wonderful, it surely would not be impolitic to be prepared to meet the very worst existing circumstances. Probably the worst which may occur, will not extend further than the ruin of a few millions of the swinish multitude ; and as they are of very little consequence to our dear country, why matters may not be so very bad. For if care be taken to anticipate the evil, and send them to colonise New South Wales in time, we shall, by that means, elude their indecent clamours ;

mours; and their filthy hovels, after being thoroughly cleansed and sweetened, may serve tolerably well for the reception of our pigs. Or as untoward events generally approach too fast, it might be proper to barrack our soldiers, and even our volunteers, as soon as possible; that being prevented by their officers from mixing with the multitude, the iron of their hearts may not be decomposed, nor the murmurs of misery reduce them to the disgraceful dilemma of dropping a tear of sympathy at the wretchedness of their countrymen!

I was not a little delighted at the very marked disgrace with which our evangelical friend's abolition bill was dismissed, although it deprived us of the honour of shewing our abhorrence of it. For, let the worst come, which can come there, those negroes fighting with our troops in the West-Indies, dreading the thoughts of returning to their task-masters, can only watch their opportunity to join our enemies, and assist them to defeat us. And better, ten thousand times, to lose ten thousand Indies, than raise a set of brutish, woolly-headed blacks to the enviable dignity of men, like Britons! Not that I would object to them being classed in the same species with those demi-devils, the French, or any other set of human beings not in alliance with us; but to class a race of footy-skinned wretches, who cannot read and write, till they are taught; or feed themselves, till old enough to guide victuals to their mouths;—to class such a set of sable-coloured beings with
generous

generous Britains—with heroic Germans, or with Russians famed for their humanity—forbid it honour—forbid it pride—forbid it glory—forbid it christianity! Besides, Sir, we generally treat our servants like slaves, though beings of our own country; it is but an act of common justice to indulge them with a set of slaves to mal-treat in their turn.

Yet it may not be impossible to induce those black fellows to return to their task-masters. Gentle treatment has often affected wonders; and red-hot pinchers have frequently had a very extraordinary effect upon them: or suppose every tenth or twelfth of those negroes were to be worried by mastiffs, by way of diverting our troops after the fatigues of a severe campaign, might not such treatment conciliate the esteem of the rest? And the gratitude of a negroe once secured, his good faith follows of course.

Amidst the multiplicity of my anxieties for your glory, Sir, and my dear country's welfare, a matter of most important concern had like to have escaped me. Your truly patriotic bill for preventing people from collecting in multitudes, to consult on the critical state of their country, the sole care and management of which has been so judiciously confided to you, and which consequently those idle people cannot have the smallest pretext for neglecting their time to concern themselves about; that bill, excellent in its nature as it certainly is, must be revised; and the numbers permitted to gather together much reduced;

or

or the volunteer corps infinitely increased. Would you believe it, Sir, in some of my country excursions, I have seen forty-nine great big Jacobin-looking fellows; the woe worn countenances of whom, would have struck horror to the souls of a legion of volunteers; and I verily believe I should not have felt myself safe in my own house, if attacked by only a dozen such monsters, though defended by an hundred of them, all dressed in their fine pretty uniforms, and a pound of powder in each of their heads. Apropos, Sir. As to hair-powder, I could wish those gentlemen were prohibited the use of it, until the price of the quartern loaf is again reduced to sixpence. I will not doubt but it would monstiously subduct from their fine handsome, heroic appearance; but it might very essentially conduce to their safety: for if the high price of bread should continue, the seditious forty-nines, aided by the tongues and talons of their voracious wives, and the marbles and pop-guns of their hungry children, may, in some paroxysm of Jacobinical despair, attack those martial looking bands, in savage expectation of farinaceous plunder.

Suppose, Sir, that only three of those enemies of our glorious constitution were suffered to assemble and meet together—Three is a great number of such fellows. Two may do a great deal of business; and I am sure three may do all that is necessary, or safe for Jacobins to do. Say three then, Sir, and if four of that seditious gang be ever
seen

seen together in the streets, let it be enacted, that a captain's guard of volunteers at least, but a colonel's, if convenient, should attend the *handiest* magistrate, and taking advantage of the *field*, attack them in their front, on both their flanks, and in their rear, at the same critical instant; and with powder, ball, musquets, and bayonets presented, disperse, discomfit, and put them all to death. But should four of those enemies of the kings of men, and their established clergy, be known to muster in any of their cottages or hogsties, then let it be enacted, that the corps of the twenty nearest towns shall instantly embody, and, guarded to the horrible fortrefs by all the yeoman cavalry in that part of the country, shall there first draw lines of circumvallation to prevent the enemy escaping; then open trenches, and commence the siege in form. No honourable terms of capitulation to be granted. Nothing but surrender at discretion, to be even hinted at. And that the villains may not escape a punishment by law, adequate to their heinous crimes, let them be marched before the courts in Edinburgh.

Although I entertain the highest opinion of the valour and sentiments of our volunteers; yet it might not be amiss to enact, that should any of them be convicted, by a court-martial, of uttering any *cowardly* expressions, such as pity—mercy—poor fellows!—miserable men!—ruined countrymen!—or so forth, they shall be compelled to march in the front rank, on the three field days then next

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ensuing,

ensuing, with the *heart of a chicken* pendant at their noses, that all opulent and magnanimous Britons may witness their *just* punishment, and despise them accordingly.

There also appears to me, Sir, to be an absolute necessity of amending Lord Grenville's equally excellent, and patriotic bill. For as not only our lives, probably, but our places, pensions, and other emoluments, are, in some measure, secured by that act; and as it trenches rather deeply on the liberties of the licentious; but is limited only to the natural life of his most excellent majesty, whom, may the Almighty, for his sake, and for all our sakes, long preserve! Such being the case, it will be proper to enact, that if any villainous Jacobin shall, either in his public or private supplications to his creator, vent any seditious ejaculation relative to the re-enjoyment of his rights; every such ejaculation to his maker shall be deemed an overt-act of treason, as tending to, and secretly plotting his sovereign's death; and he shall be condemned to be drawn, hanged, and quartered, for daring to dream of ever being free again. Another amendment, and of no trivial nature, is, that it be also enacted, that the demise of his majesty shall not take place, at least, until the re-establishment of the old government in France, and the renewal of the *good old days* of Louis the fifteenth. But you, Sir, may probably think that this desirable event may be full as effectually secured by an humble address of both houses of parliament.

By

By those exquisite bills being so exquisitely altered and amended, and a few exquisite examples, so exquisitely made, it is not clear to me, but we might bid defiance to to all the ruined rascals in the kingdom, even though the war should continue another year.—And now for a touch upon taxes.

You will, Sir, readily perceive that my spirits are considerably exhilarated by my mind being disburthened of several of its anxieties, while anticipating the wholesome regulations in the above bills. Nor is it in the least astonishing, that a soul long depressed, as mine have been, by the terrific manœuvres of Jacobins, and the destructive doctrines of the Rights of Man, should remount to extacy, when it perceives a mode, so easy of adoption, for peaceably effecting their utter extirpation.—But to proceed to my taxes.

No minister has ever yet been so happy as you, Sir, in so readily inventing such numerous taxes, and in so readily getting them passed by such numerous, such respectable, and such disinterested majorities. But as infallibility will not positively attach to any sublunary being, except the pope, it consequently cannot be expected that your ideas, capacious as they are, should embrace the whole of our (I most sincerely hope) inexhaustible resources at a single grasp. Therefore, a tax which might not have occurred to you for a century yet to come, and which no other person ever might have thought of, may not be unacceptable to you,

you, especially as I will vouch for its being more productive than most ; and as cheerfully paid as any of those already in a state of permanency.

What think you, Sir, of a tax upon fires? I am of a very chilly constitution, and love a good fire vastly. Therefore, as a good fire is an article of soul and body-cheering luxury to me, it of course must be so to every other person.

I then, Sir, will not hesitate a moment to recommend, that a duty of only one poor solitary penny be levied for the lighting of every fire. And as a good fire, burning brisk, is an article of luxury, so the extinguishing a fire is a matter of economy and advantage. The luxurious penny for lighting should, therefore, be attended by a lucrative penny for liberty to put it out. Now, Sir, as no person would be so extravagant to let a fire burn all night, when permission to take off those capital articles, the cinders, and extinguish the remainder, might be obtained for a penny—every fire would, every time it was lighted and put out, produce two pence. Let us now, Sir, suppose the number of houses in this kingdom to amount to *one million*, and every hundred houses to average an hundred and fifty fires: here would be annual sum of £ 4,562,500—but as half a million is no great object in these times of political economy, we will, for brevity's sake, say only FOUR MILLIONS. And as I would not have any part of this tax received by the present collectors; supposing a new collector

lector to be appointed for every thousand houses, there would be an additional *phalanx* of one thousand friends, who would as readily support all our just and necessary measures, as the rest of the receivers of all our rates, duties, and assessments whatsoever, have hitherto so cheerfully done.

It may possibly be urged, in objection to my plan, that many of the factious would feel themselves so warm at the idea of such a tax, as to require no fire at all. But I have no notion of people wantonly eluding the payment of necessary taxes, for the support of just and necessary wars, and other existing circumstances; I would, when fires are so wantonly and wilfully omitted, subject a quantity of fuel adequate to the consumption, to confiscation; and the officers of his majesty's excise, for the time being, should daily attend at such houses, with *large pockets*, or bags adapted to the purpose, in order to convey such confiscated fuel to confiscated fuel-offices, to be appointed by the constitution for that intent. So that objection is, I flatter myself, sufficiently done away.

A confiscated fuel repository, in these times of vexacious perversity, should be allotted for every *four thousand* houses; each repository to have a governor, an inspector, and two assistants. Here, Sir, would be another *thousand* more of firm supporters of our cause. Then, as the fuel so confiscated should be sold by public auction, on the same days, and at the same hours, as many auctioneers

as repositories would be necessary. These would prove a most invaluable acquisition—a set of *peculiar pleaders* for us, as they would knock down all the arguments of all the Jacobins, with as much ease as they could knock down a decent wedgewood-ware chamber utensil.

But lest this tax should bear rather too hard upon us, it would not be improper to exempt the houses of the nobility from this duty—and the exemption might as well extend down to the houses of the members of the lower house, and to those of the established clergy. This would, indeed, be a considerable draw-back ; but then it would I think, be amply compensated by redundancies arising from various causes, and various distinctions. Patients, for instance, afflicted with intermittents, would gladly pay for lighted fires as often as the cold fits came on, and as gladly pay for putting them out on the return of the hot. Lovers, when inflamed with fits of amorous desire, would for the time, I confess, require no other fires ; but those fits well worked off, a good fire would not be unwelcome to them : and as those fits in the young and healthy very frequently occur, here would be a very great redundancy ; but as this article may not so readily meet your comprehension, I will take leave to refer you for further explanations to Mr. Dundas.

Gouty patients are also subject to hot and cold fits, but they are generally attended with too much passion and petulance to suffer the various operations of lighting and extinguishing

extinguishing, to be regularly performed. They may endeavour to content themselves with having their fires alternately well blowed, and well damped :—in such cases they should be subject to pay half of the duty for each replenishing and diminution.

Old maids, who can warm none but themselves, and old bachelors, who can poke nothing but fires, should pay double duties for their fires.

Such merchants and shop-keepers, as might find it convenient to make only one fire of their whole house, should pay five per cent for all it was insured for ; and the insurance office should pay five per cent for all they saved by extinguishing it.

It is not impossible, Sir, but the immense produce of this tax would enable you to sink *two millions* annually ; which sum, with the monstrous surpluses of all the other taxes, so constantly tumbling into the exchequer, would raise so round a sum, that even you, possibly, might live long enough to see a fiftieth-part of the whole of our national debt paid off. But I have very little hopes of your living long enough to see it diminished at all, by any other means.

I had it in my mind, Sir, to recommend a tax upon bread, which, though not an article of absolute luxury, is yet very essential in most families ; but having great reason to believe that its consumption will be much circumscribed, the duty might not defray the expence of collecting it.

Butcher's

Butcher's meat too, would have yielded a capital tax, a few years ago ; but as none but our friends can at present purchase that article, it would be only taxing ourselves, and that you know, Sir, would answer no good purpose. I will, therefore, relinquish all other taxes for the present, and stick only to my tax upon fires ; the above glimmering lights of which I beg leave most warmly to recommend to you, as one that will essentially assist you to maintain a hissing-hot war, most justly commenced, and most necessarily continued ; wherein the blazing valour of our troops have already repeatedly made the armies of our natural enemies smoke like the steam of boiling cauldrons, and will, I trust, in the end, singe the whiskers of *anarchy*, until they make *him* content to erect another bastille, even for his own incarceration.

Thus having so long encroached on your too-precious time, I will now, Sir, do myself the honour to conclude, most sincerely wishing you every honour you deserve, and every exaltation, which you so justly merit.

ARISTOCRAT.

April the 1st, 1796.

FINIS.